

MARVEL

LEGACY

CRAZY RUNS IN THE FAMILY

189



MOON KNIGHT™

BEMIS
BURROWS
ORTEGO
LOPES



NYC
SUBWAY.



HAPPY
TO HAVE MADE
IT TO FRIDAY? THE
STENCH OF YOUR
JUBILANCE IS
OFFENSIVE.

BUT
YOU'RE
RIGHT TO
REJOICE.

TODAY
YOU
LEARN THE
TRUTH.

UM...YOU
SHOULDN'T BE
UP HERE, SIR.
I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO---

SHHHH. LET
YOUR PORES DRINK
IN MY TOUCH.

TELL ME
WHAT YOU'VE
LEARNED BY
KNOWING
ME.

I'M
LIVING
IN YOU
NOW.

ENUNCIATE.

H...H...HUMANITY
IS *PERVERSE*.

GENOCIDE IS
THE COMEUPPANCE
WE DESERVE.

THERE
IS NO CREATOR.
UNDEBATABLE.

LOVE IS A
CONTRIVANCE.
UNDEBATABLE.

THE WHITE
HOUSE IS THE
DEATH STAR.
TWITTER IS A
VIRUS.

AND WHEN
THE NUKES RAZE
EVERYTHING WE
KNOW...

...ONLY A
FOOL WOULD
CLAIM IT WASN'T
OUR DESTINY.

CORRECT. MY
VISION IS NOW
YOUR VISION.

CALL ME
THE TRUTH.
I AM YOUR NEW
COMPASS.

HOW DOES
IT FEEL TO
KNOW?

I...HATE...
EVERYTHING.

HALLE-
@#5%-
LUJAH.

VRRRRRRRRRR

Marc Spector. Steven Grant. Jake Lockley. Each a distinct personality of one man vying for control. Spector, the original personality, has asserted his dominance and fights to retain that control. But years ago, as a mercenary, Spector died in Egypt under a statue of the moon god **Khonshu**. In the shadow of the ancient deity, Marc returned to life. From then on, Marc took on a new aspect in honor of Khonshu, dedicating his second life to fighting crime as...

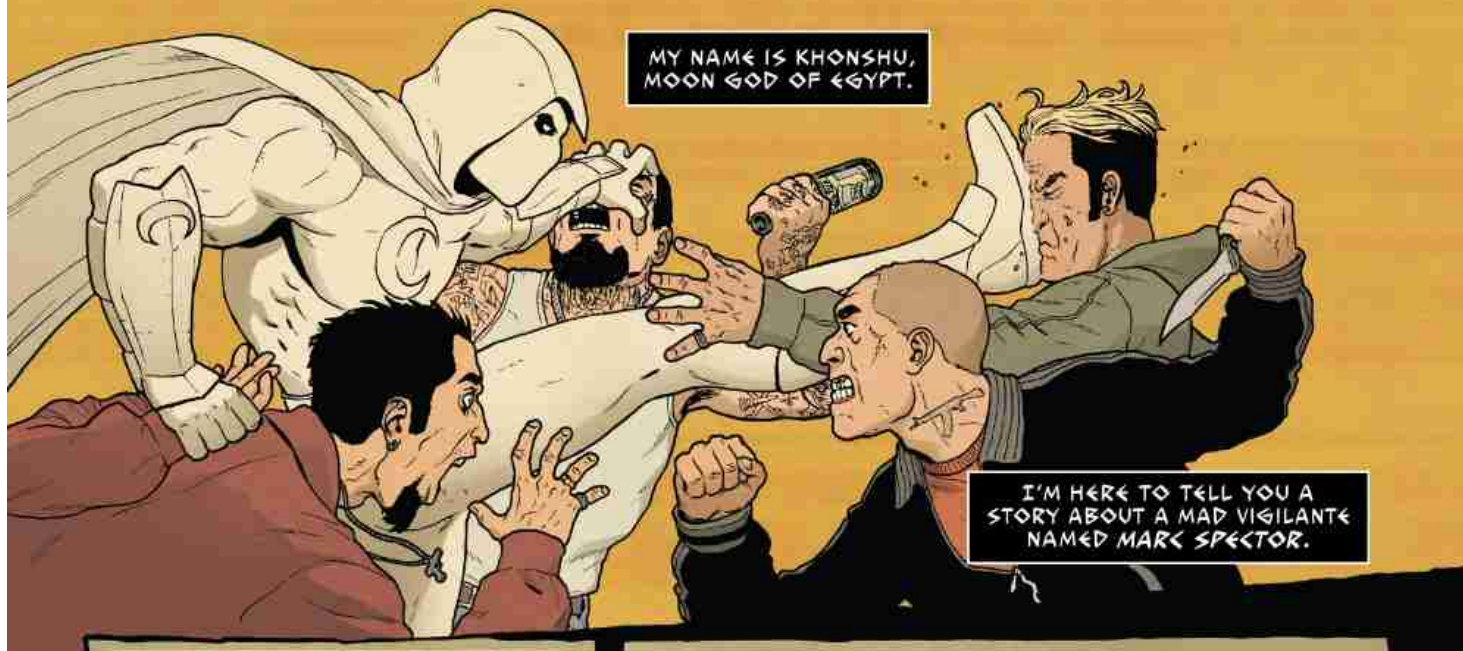
MOON KNIGHT

CRAZY RUNS IN THE FAMILY

PART 2

A mysterious nameless patient was admitted to Ravencroft after committing multiple homicides by fire. Seeking to understand his mental illness, his doctor, using Marc Spector's case as a template, attempted to have her patient see how he too can use the allegory of the gods to better understand his obsession. Where Spector turned to the moon god, the man known as Patient 86 found meaning in Amon Ra, the sun god. He set fire to the asylum with his doctor inside, using nothing but his own body. Patient 86 left, convinced he is the earthly aspect of Amon Ra, and he is very upset at his son, Khonshu.

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MY NAME IS KHONSHU,
MOON GOD OF EGYPT.

I'M HERE TO TELL YOU A
STORY ABOUT A MAD VIGILANTE
NAMED MARC SPECTOR.

OUR TALE FINDS US HERE, ON A
STANDARD NIGHT FOR MARC, WHO,
WHEN DRESSED IN ALL WHITE AND
DONNING A CAPE, REFERS TO
HIMSELF AS MOON KNIGHT.



MARC HAS SPENT TEN
MINUTES DECORATING THIS
BAR WITH THE BLOOD OF
THESE DRUG DEALERS
AND SLAVERS.

THE CACOPHONY
OF SNAPPING
COLLARBONES AND
PIT-PATTERING
PLASMA IS
LIKE WHALE
SONG TO HIM.



AS THE THUD OF A MAN
BEING LITERALLY PUNTED
ACROSS THE ROOM
SOUNDS, MARC SPECTOR
IS GRATEFUL FOR HIS LIFE.



FOR THE PRIVILEGE
OF SERVING ME.

KHONSHU, PROTECTOR OF
TRAVELERS IN THE NIGHT.

YOU SEE, MARC
SPECTOR IS CRAZY.

BUT IN THE CONTEXT
OF MY BLESSING, HE IS,
WELL...A "SUPER HERO."



AFTER A PERSONAL CRISIS, MARC DECIDED TO TAKE HIS PROBLEMS MORE SERIOUSLY.

HE STRUGGLES WITH MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER.

I'LL HAVE YOUR RENT IN THE MORNING, MAVIS.

SLEEP TIGHT, HANDSOME.

IT'S HARD TO COPE WITH AN EGYPTIAN DEMIGOD LIVING IN YOUR HEAD (AMONGST OTHERS).

IT TOOK MARC A WHILE TO ACCEPT HIS NATURE AND WIELD HIS LUNACY LIKE A WEAPON.

THERAPY ENRICHED HIS CHARACTER AND TAUGHT HIM TO UTILIZE HIS THREE DISTINCT IDENTITIES.

HE'S FOUND A SORT OF PEACE AND NO LONGER RESENTS SHARING HIS HEAD.

HONESTLY? YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN MARC BEFORE HE BECAME MY AVATAR.

PATHETIC, A MERCENARY BLEEDING OUT IN AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE, BEGGING A CRUMBLING STATUE TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

MY STATUE.

IN THAT MOMENT, HE BECAME THE INSTRUMENT OF MY SPIRIT. MY EARTHLY MANIFESTATION. MY CHAMPION--

--WITH THE NEWFOUND PURPOSE OF SAVING INNOCENTS FROM THE MANY DANGERS THAT HAUNT THE NIGHTTIME.

OR PERHAPS HE WAS A SPACE CADET WHOSE PSYCHOSIS WAS TRIGGERED BY BEING SHOT UP AND DRIED OUT IN THE BAKING MIDDLE EAST SUN.

YOUR CALL.



IT IS NOW MORNING.

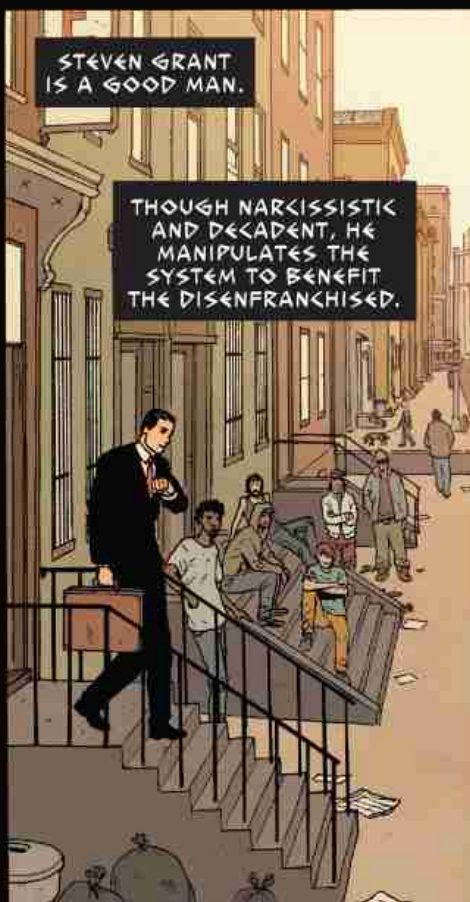
MARC IS READY TO BECOME SOMEONE ELSE.



TODAY, MARC TAKES ON THE FORM OF STEVEN GRANT, WEALTHY AND STYLISH INVESTOR AND ENTREPRENEUR.

LOOKING GOOD, STEVEN.

THANKS, KHONSHU.



STEVEN GRANT IS A GOOD MAN.

THOUGH NARCISSISTIC AND DECADENT, HE MANIPULATES THE SYSTEM TO BENEFIT THE DISENFRANCHISED.



STEVEN GRANT AND MARC SPECTOR SHARE A MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

I FIND HIM TO BE A TOLERABLE ANNOYANCE.

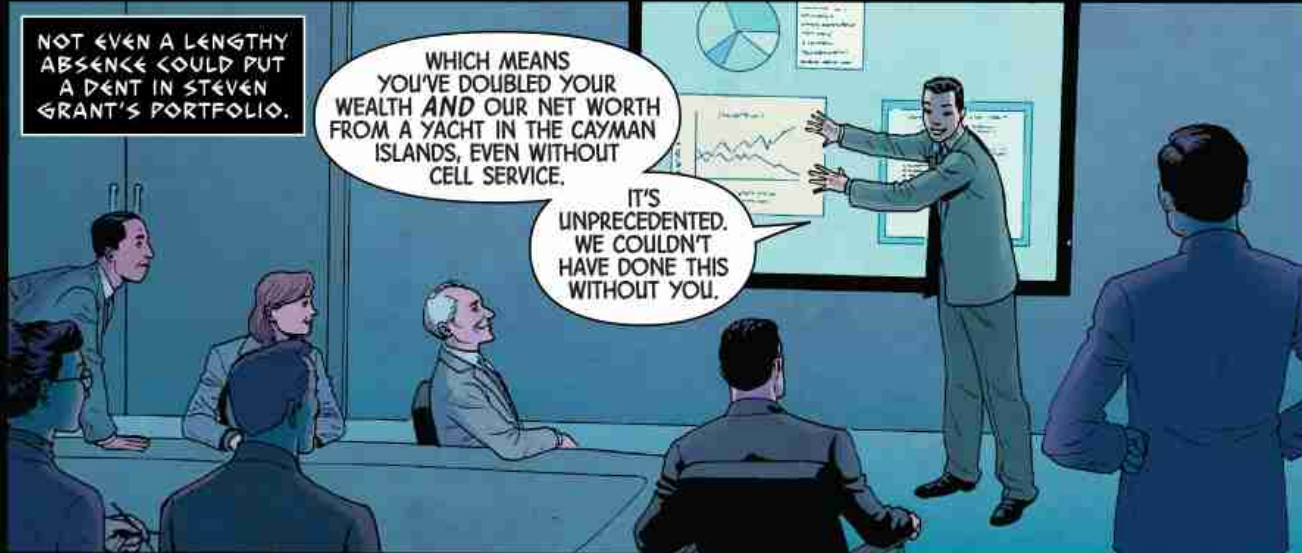


BUT ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN...THE OTHER GUY.

WE'LL AVOID DISCUSSING HIM FOR NOW.

BESIDES... SOMETHING DREADFUL IS AFOOT.





NOT EVEN A LENGTHY ABSENCE COULD PUT A DENT IN STEVEN GRANT'S PORTFOLIO.

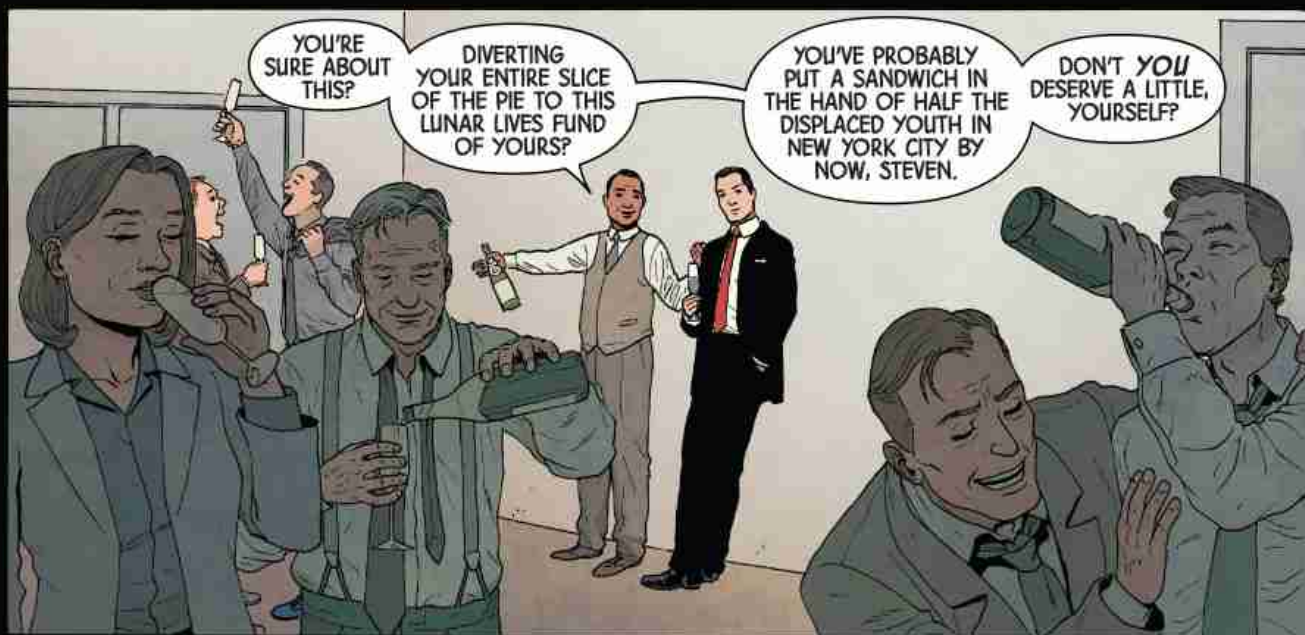
WHICH MEANS YOU'VE DOUBLED YOUR WEALTH AND OUR NET WORTH FROM A YACHT IN THE CAYMAN ISLANDS, EVEN WITHOUT CELL SERVICE.

IT'S UNPRECEDENTED. WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT YOU.



AS OF TODAY, WE WENT FROM POTENTIALITY TO REALIZATION. WE'RE NOT JUST RICH, WE'RE 2017 RICH.

YOU ENIGMATIC @#\$\$% GENIUS.



YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS?

DIVERTING YOUR ENTIRE SLICE OF THE PIE TO THIS LUNAR LIVES FUND OF YOURS?

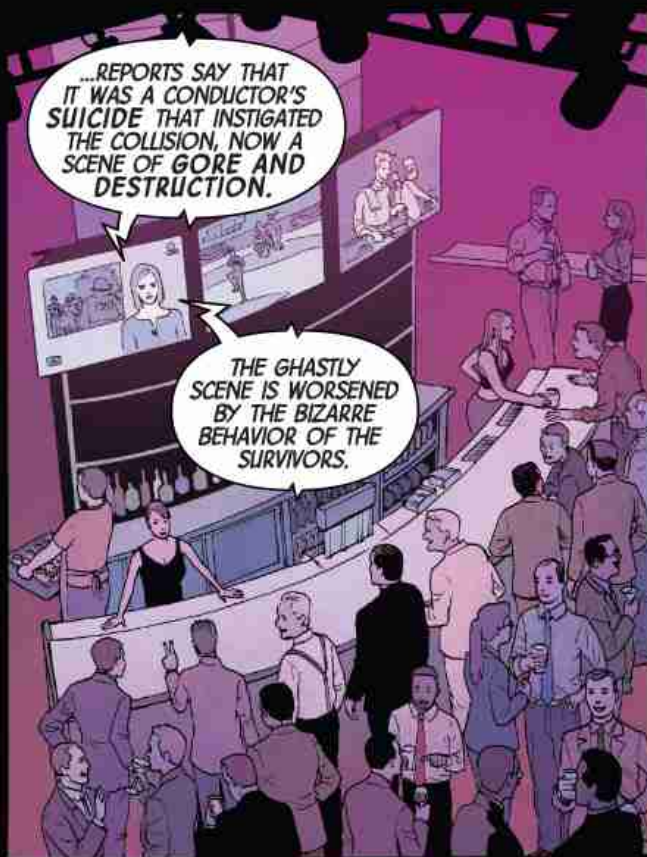
YOU'VE PROBABLY PUT A SANDWICH IN THE HAND OF HALF THE DISPLACED YOUTH IN NEW YORK CITY BY NOW, STEVEN.

DON'T *YOU* DESERVE A LITTLE, YOURSELF?



HOLDING ONTO MONEY IS BORING, FRED.

I GET MY KICKS FROM THROWING IT AROUND *WHERE* IT DOESN'T BELONG.



...REPORTS SAY THAT IT WAS A CONDUCTOR'S SUICIDE THAT INSTIGATED THE COLLISION, NOW A SCENE OF GORE AND DESTRUCTION.

THE GHASTLY SCENE IS WORSENERD BY THE BIZARRE BEHAVIOR OF THE SURVIVORS.



SELF-MUTILATION AND VIOLENT BEHAVIOR ABOUND, TURNING A TENSE SITUATION INTO CHAOS AS AID WORKERS FLOOD THE SCENE.

NEW YORK, ALL WE CAN DO IS HOPE THAT THIS INSANITY HAS AN EXPLANATION.

THERE'S ALWAYS AN EXPLANATION.

'SRIGHT, GRANT. SSSALWAYS AN ESSPERATION.



I'VE GOT TO GO, McALLISTER. CALL YOUR SPONSOR.

AND SO HE SOARS INTO THE GAPING MAW OF THE NIGHT.





YOU LOST,
BEE GEE OF
NAZARETH?



YOU, FRIEND,
ARE THE ONE
WHO IS LOST.

I'M HERE
TO SEE THE MAN
WHO ACTS AS RULER
OF THIS BUILDING.

DON'T KNOW
WHY YOU THINK
YOU CAN TOUCH ME,
BUT YOU NEED AN
ESCORT TO SEE
HIM.

AND
NOTHIN' IS
REALLY TEMPTING
ME TO VOUCH
FOR YOU.



PLEASE.
I DON'T
WANT TO HAVE
TO **BURN**
YOU.



DAMN, FELLAS.
WE SHOULD BE
SELLING WHAT THIS
GUY'S ON! HA!



WHAT
THE--AH!
AHHHH!
AAGHHHHHHH!!!!!!



TOLD
YOU.



QUITE FAMILIAR WITH ALL THE THINGS THAT MAKE MEN WEEP AND SOIL THEMSELVES, MARC SPECTOR FELT AT HOME IN THESE DERELICT TUNNELS.



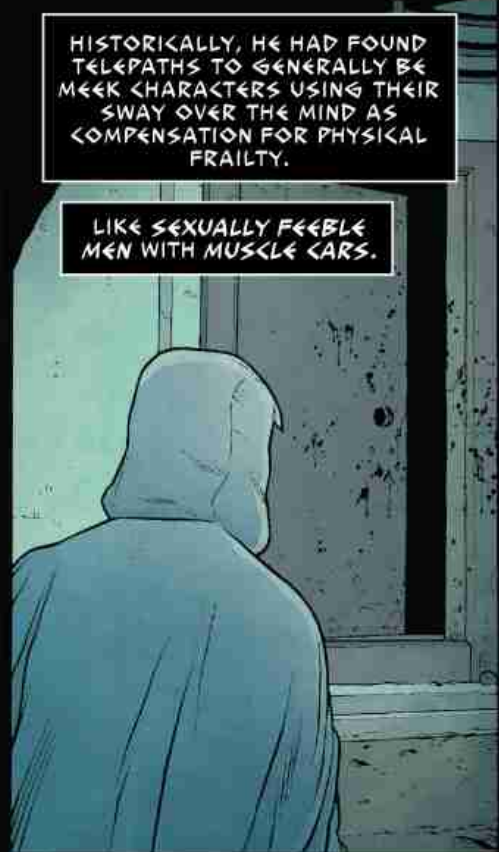
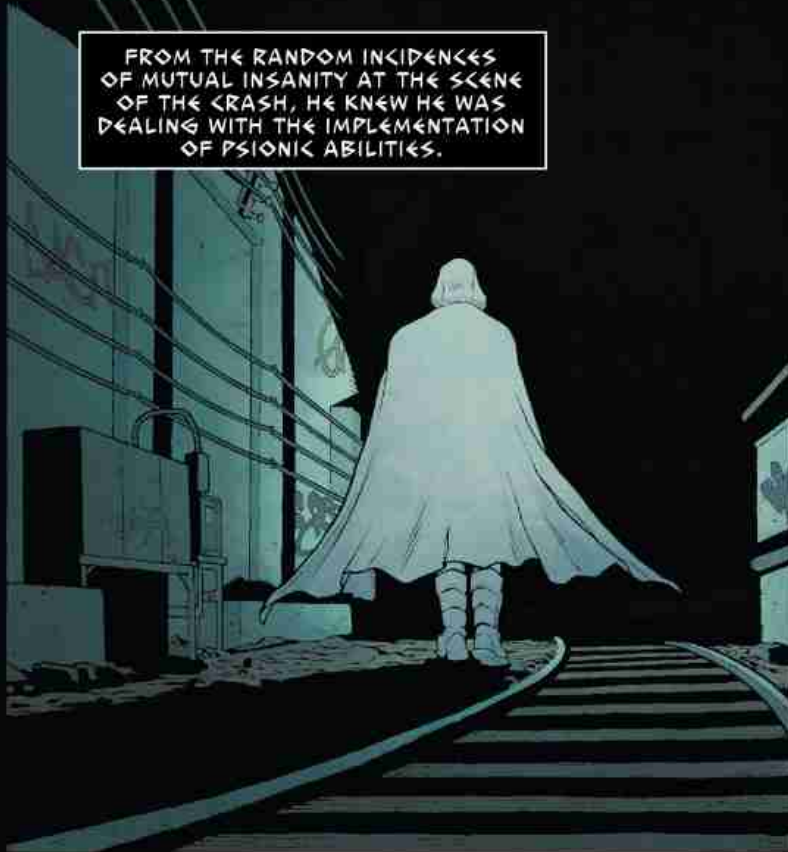
AFTER TOO MUCH TIME CONFINED
IN A WHITE ROOM, THE ODOR OF
DEAD RAT FART AND FUNGAL GROWTH
ACTUALLY CALMED HIS BUSY BRAIN.

HE WAS IN HIS ELEMENT--
THE INSPECTOR HOLMES
OF KUNG FU MADMEN.

FROM THE RANDOM INCIDENCES
OF MUTUAL INSANITY AT THE SCENE
OF THE CRASH, HE KNEW HE WAS
DEALING WITH THE IMPLEMENTATION
OF PSIONIC ABILITIES.

HISTORICALLY, HE HAD FOUND
TELEPATHS TO GENERALLY BE
MEEK CHARACTERS USING THEIR
SWAY OVER THE MIND AS
COMPENSATION FOR PHYSICAL
FRAILTY.

LIKE SEXUALLY FEEBLE
MEN WITH MUSCLE CARS.



THOUGH THIS WOULD
SURELY LEAD TO HIM
HURLING CRESCENT DARTS
AT SOME VILLAIN...

...HE WAS, AT THE
VERY LEAST, NOT
GOING TO HAVE
TO OVERDO IT
ON THE CARDIO.



...MARC SPECTOR
CAN BE OVERLY
CONFIDENT.



CAPITALISM
IS A MURDER
MACHINE. PUNK
IS DEAD.

A KISS IS
A SHARED
SYRINGE.

WE
CANNOT
GRASP THE
TRUTH.

TEACHING
AMERICAN HISTORY
IS A FORM OF
ABUSE.

TERRORISTS
ARE THE NEW
APOSTLES.



HELP ME.
HELP ME.



I KILLED
MY MOTHER
WITH WORRY.

JUST
KNOWING
ME IS A
SICKNESS.

DO YOU
REALLY THINK
THAT?

OR ARE YOU
JUST SAYING
IT BECAUSE HE
SAYS SO?



YOU.

BEFORE I
KNOCK YOU
OUT, TELL
ME...

DO
YOU NEED
TO BE CALLED
ANYTHING?



YOU MAY
ADDRESS ME AS
THE TRUTH.

AND YOU
WON'T SPEAK SO
HAUGHTILY ONCE I
GET AHOOD OF
YOU.



OUR HERO'S THOUGHTS
DISTORT AS THE
MONSTROSITY'S SWOLLEN
MITTS CHOKE THE LIFE
OUT OF HIM...

UGHH...
WON'T LET...
YOU...

HHH.

THE DEAD WEIGHT OF AN IMPOSED,
HOPELESS REALITY BEGINS TO
SMOTHER HIS WILL TO LIVE.

I'M A MAD
CIRCUS CLOWN...
THIS IS ALL FOR
MYSELF.

THERE IS NO
MOON GOD,
JUST ANOTHER...
S-SICK
DELUSION--

WHAM

GHH.

I #@\$%
LOVE IT!

SLICE

YOU
GIANT
PEST.

WHAM



NOT HAVING
A LOT OF LUCK
HERE, FELLAS.

KHONSHU'S
MORE OF A
TALKER AND THIS
GUY'S POWER SET
IS THE REAL
DEAL.



GRANT'S
USELESS...

DOUBT THE
TRUTH IS LOOKING
FOR STOCK TIPS.



I'M
GONNA
NEED...

ARRRRRRRRRG AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH



...DO
YOUR WORST,
JAKE.



HA.



BEEN
TOO
LONG.



YOU LIKE TO TOUCH PEOPLE WITHOUT ASKING, DON'T YOU, BOY?

MANAGED TO GET A FEW LICKS IN, SHAKE UP MARC'S DENTURES.



→PSHHHW←

YOU SHOULD FEEL LUCKY.

UGH!



YOU WANT TO STEP INTO JAKE LOCKLEY'S MIND, YOU GIGANTIC FREAK?

I @#\$% DARE YOU.



YOU MET MARC. MARC'S DISTURBED AS HELL.

NOW IMAGINE THAT HE TOOK ALL THE WORST PARTS OF HIMSELF AND LET THEM FUSE INTO A LIVING PERSON.



NOW, GO AHEAD. TASTE MY TRUTH, YOU LEECH.

YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO KILL HIM, JAKE.





UMMMPH.



WHAT WAS HE TALKING ABOUT, JAKE?

THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE AGREED NOT TO DO! WE WILL TALK ABOUT THIS LATER!

DAMMIT.



HMMPH.

WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY?

THE TRUTH... HURTS.

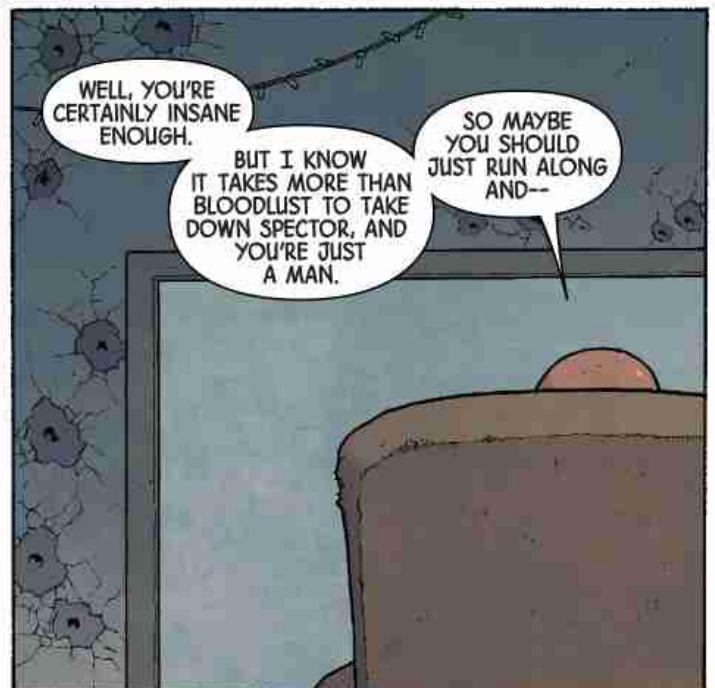


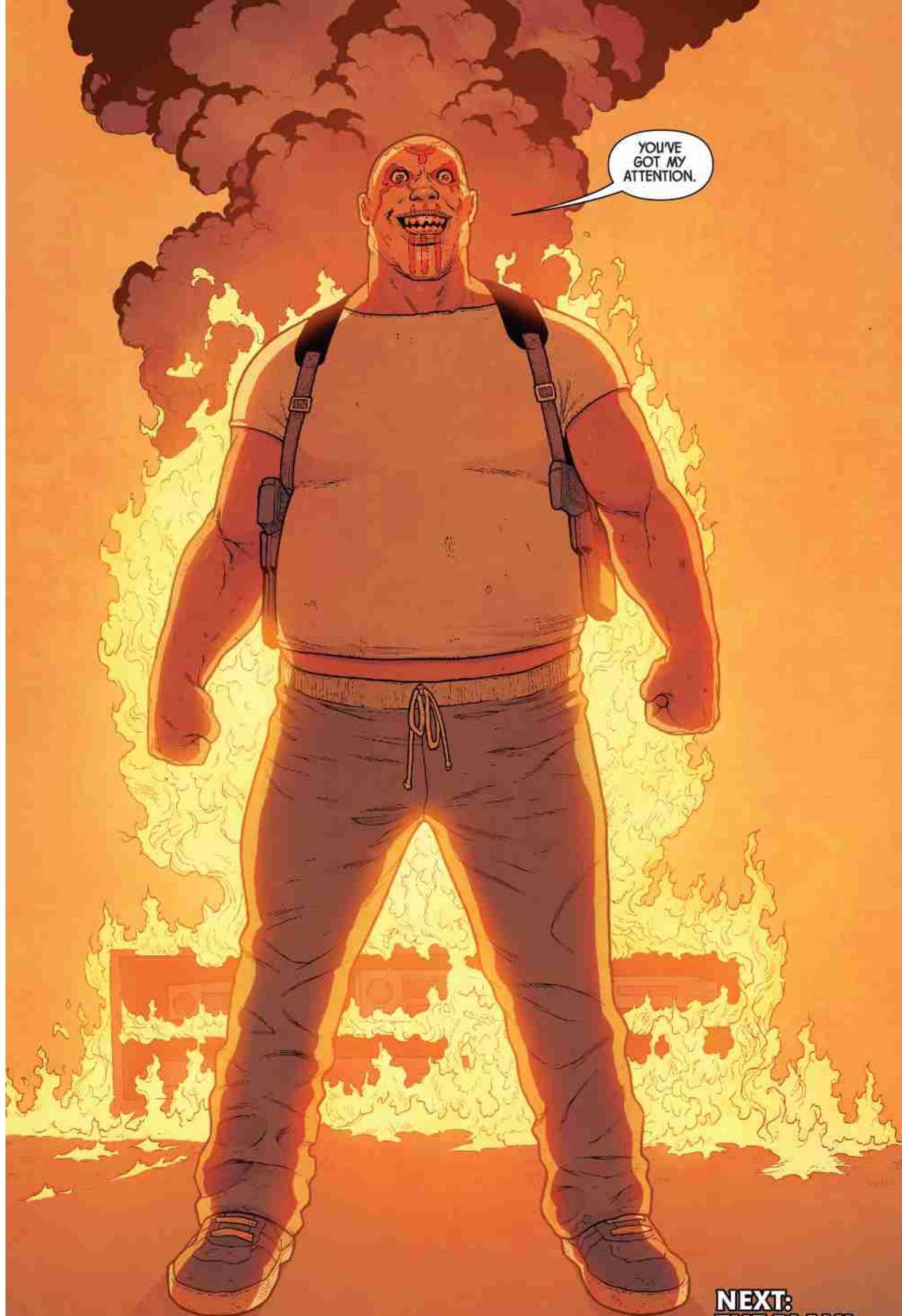
OH, DEAR.

MARC.

WHAT?

I'M NOT ALWAYS JUST GRIM AND VIOLENT.





**NEXT:
THE PLAN!**

NEXT ISSUE:

MOON KNIGHT vs. SUN KING



Send letters to MHEROES@marvel.com; be sure to mark them "OK TO PRINT."

